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Northern Messenger

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Prisoners In the Tower of London.

(Z. A., in 'Sunday Reading.')

I do not think there is a sadder pile of buildings in all London than the Tower. The history of the Tower from beginning to end is a record of the ignorance, cruelty, and tyranny of man. 'Pity the poor prisoners,' one might well ask, in those old days of vengeance and bloodshed. When the prisoner was eventually led out to execution, he probably lingered

through years of miserable imprisonment, some tasting of both these punishments, notably, Sir Walter Raleigh. Three times was he incarcerated in the Tower, one alone of these imprisonments lasting sixteen years. Good Queen Bess was none too merciful towards her deposed favorites.

Happily Raleigh was allowed to wile away the weary hours by the use of his pen. In his chamber in the Bloody Tower he wrote his 'History of the World.' In the adjoining garden he used to work to cultivate rare plants, and distil curious essences from them. His room can still be seen, and the narrow walk on the wall is still called Sir Walter Raleigh's Walk.

Here came to visit him Ben Jonson and many clever men of his time. Prince Henry, the son of James I., came, too, observing, 'No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage.'

Within the Tower walls, two centuries later, another prisoner ended his days, whose uneventful story has, in some way, linked itself with that of the brave and unfortunate Raleigh.

Prince Henry's allusion to a bird recalls to mind the 'Epitaph to a Goldfinch' recorded on the wall of the Beauchamp Tower. It runs as follows:—

'Where Raleigh pined within a prison's gloom
I cheerful sang, nor murmured at my doom;
Where heroes bold and patriot's form could dwell,
A goldfinch in content his note might swell;
But death, more gentle than the law's decree,
Hath paid my ransom from captivity.

Buried, June 23, 1794, by a fellow-prisoner in the Tower of London.'

More touching lines still were those actually written by Sir Walter Raleigh on the blank leaf of his Bible the night before his execution. He was passing the night in the common prison at Westminster:—

'Even such is time that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But, from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.'

How a Skeptic Found God.

I had been holding a meeting for young men one Sunday evening and was about to leave the building when a young man asked for an interview and came into the vestry.

He said, 'I am a skeptic.'

'I dare say you are. Lots of fellows are. What do you want with me to-night?'

'I want to know if you could help me by proving to me that Christ exists.'

'I would not spend two minutes in trying to do so. It is only wasting my time and yours to try and prove to you that Christ exists.'

'How is that? I thought you would be glad to help me?'

'Oh, no, you are a skeptic. You have made up your mind to it. You had better stick to it and not trouble about this question of Christ existing or not.'

'But I am in trouble.'

'Very likely, and it serves you right if you are.'

'Would you not try and teach me that Christ exists?'

'No, certainly not. Not worth my while.'

'But I thought you would have helped me somehow.'

'Well, now, we will make a bargain. If you will prove one thing to me, I will try and prove what you want to know. If you will prove to me that you are your own mother's son, I will prove that Christ exists.'

'Oh, yes, I will do that,' and he sat down to begin to think how to begin it.

Presently he said, 'I don't know how to begin.'

'Neither do I on my side. All you can tell me is this, that so far back as you can remember, somebody taught you to call her mother, and she called you her own little boy, and you have gone on doing so ever since, but you have no proof whatever that she is your mother. Are you satisfied that she is?'

'Perfectly.'

'And does it work all right?'

'Yes, certainly, it works perfectly.'

'Similarly some long time ago I began to call a Person named "Jesus Christ" my Lord and Saviour and he began to call me his and the thing works perfectly, is most satisfactory and that is all I can say about it.'

'Well,' said he, 'that seems to be common

sense, anyhow. Now, tell me how can I find out for myself whether Christ exists?'

'You can find out in about five minutes if you are honest. Supposing you were in Australia and had been lost in the dense forests there, that are called "the bush." You could only do one thing, namely, stand still and coo-ee (coo-ee is a word which is sounded with an extraordinary prolonged note which travels in the still air an enormous distance and can be heard, and it is the usual way of men trying to find out each other's whereabouts). If anybody lived round about of whose existence you had no knowledge, but who heard your coo-ee, he would answer you back, and you would keep it up until he found his way to you and took you out of the bush by the way he came in and thus you would be saved. You have to coo-ee to Jesus Christ, and if he exists anywhere around and hears you, he will answer back and then you will know the fact that he does exist. Will you coo-ee to Jesus Christ?'

'Yes, I will.'

'When will you begin?'

'Now.'

'Then kneel down at that chair.'

He knelt down and said something of this kind: 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I do not know who you are or where you are, but I am lost and in the dark, and if you hear me now will you answer me?'

He paused. I said to him, 'Wait two or three minutes where you are and he will answer you somehow, I cannot tell you how.'

I then began to tell out his case to the Lord in audible prayer, and while I was doing so, I was watching his face. Suddenly it changed. A gleam of light flashed across him and I said, 'Has he answered back? Does he exist?'

'Of course he does, and what is more, he is now my Lord and Saviour and has taken me out of the dark, and I know him and I trust him and I praise him.'

It was a remarkably sudden case of the light flashing.

Twelve months passed away, and I happened to be on the top of a trolley car and a young man with a Bible under his arm accosted me. I said, 'I do not know you.'

He said, 'Oh, I am the coo-ee chap.'

'Well, how does it work?'

'It has simply worked splendidly. I have been learning more and more of the Lord Jesus Christ, and now I am on my way to a Bible study class conducted by Mr. Newell in Stratford, in the east of London, and I am glad to have met you once more.'—G. Soltan, in 'Ram's Horn."

Be Patient Toward All.

Is there any one maxim, asks the Rev. Montague Butler, D.D., that teachers need any more than that? Above all, be patient toward the little ones entrusted to your care. Do not look for quick results. It is a sign of a small mind. It is one of the most infallible signs of radical disqualification for the office of a Sunday-school teacher. Look forward. Look for results in the manhood and the womanhood, not in the marks gained in the immediate examination. The fact is that minds differ enormously. I can remember nearly forty years ago walking near Grasmere, by the side of Archbishop Temple, when he was headmaster of Rugby, and he said, in his strong tones, 'The difference between boy and boy is growth—growth and no growth. One boy at eighteen grows, another stops.' The growth is so extraordinarily different in different cases, and we must be patient toward all. We must allow for physical, hereditary, and intellectual differences; and it is not always the earliest growth which is that on which the surest life hereafter can be based. Be very patient, dear Christian friends, if you are disappointed; even if the seed which has taken you so much trouble to sow does not show itself even after many days. You may depend upon it that the seed which has really been sown is not one-half so much, not one-hundredth part so much, the words which you have put into the minds of the children, or the actual lessons which you have exacted, but the exhibition which, silently and unconsciously, Sunday by Sunday, you have brought before their minds as to what a good, friendly, sympathizing teacher can be. And that is one of those results of which you, thank God, can never see the end.

Postal Crusade.

12 South Parade, Bangalore, India,
April 30, 1903.

Dear Readers of the 'Northern Messenger',—Grace and peace to you! May I ask you to read these few words, so that those among you who generously help me with literature may receive this message which the Editor is kindly inserting.

If the Lord will, I sail on the 16th May for the World's W.C.T.U. Convention, at Geneva, Switzerland, on June 9-11, but shall be grateful to have papers for circulation in India still posted to my address in Bangalore. They will be faithfully distributed by Christian workers during my absence.

More and more, the good work of the Postal Crusade takes hold of this country. Let those who send and those who receive to give out again, use 'the prayer of faith,' and truly, according unto our faith, it shall be done.

Yours with affectionate and grateful remembrance,

(MISS) H. E. DUNHILL,
National Organizer W.C.T.U., India.

Remember always to fully prepay postage on all papers sent.

Dear Editor,—With a thankful heart I acknowledge the gift of $8 from a friend who sends an annual subscription for the spread of the 'Northern Messenger'; also $1 from Mrs. Taylor and $1 from Mrs. Ledgerwood. All the subscriptions entered at the 'Witness' Office are paid up until the first of August.

Yesterday's mail brought this letter, which speaks for itself:—

'Dear Editor,—I am very much indebted and thankful to the kind and generous hearted friend who sends me the 'Northern Messenger,' and also am thankful to Miss Archibald, my lady missionary, who was so kind in taking trouble in getting for me so useful a paper. The paper is a very useful and helpful one; the stories, the good articles and the letters in it are very interesting. Many a time I have used some of the stories, etc., in my church, private and Gospel meetings, and they were very interesting to the audience. I am now reading the paper with great interest. After reading it, I am giving it to some of my Hindu friends, too. They also appreciate it greatly.

'A few days ago I was speaking with an educated Hindu friend. At the close of the conversation, I asked him if he would care to take home and read my 'Northern Messenger,' and return it to me. Three days afterwards he came to me with the paper, and said: "It is a very good and interesting one, the language is also simple," and he further requested me if I would let him read the paper every week. I was very much pleased, and thanked God.

'I myself like the paper very much. I read it carefully, and have been benefited very much by it. I therefore render my heartfelt thanks to the sender of the paper and also to the Editor. I submit my hearty thanks.

'I am now engaged in fervent prayers that our Divine Heavenly Father might prosper and bless your paper to the means of saving of souls for the Grace of God.

Your most obedient Brother in Christ,
' B. SUBARAIDU.'
Chicacole.

Six new names came with this letter. What shall I do?

Eighty-two cents will make a man, woman or child in Canada a Literary Missionary in India for one year.

Will the friends also try to push the circulation of the new leaflet, 'The Post-Office Crusade,' so that funds will come in regularly. 'It's only a Baby,' said a cheery motherly woman, so take it, small as it is, to your hearts, dear friends, bear with it, train it, in the way it should go, make it, by your prayers and gifts, a Godly, helpful child, worthy of its parent, the 'Northern Messenger.' If the leaflet has not arrived safely at the homes of those who ordered it, please let me know, and I shall see that it starts again. Try and get all the homes of adoption you can for the wee one. The more subscribers the better. It's little, but, God guiding it, it will grow and some day it may cease to be 'Only a Baby.'

Address—

The Post-Office Crusade,
112 Irvine Avenue,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—'The Post-Office Crusade' paper will be issued as a double number for July and August. It will contain, among other letters, one from the Miss Archibald referred to by Mr. B. Subaraidu; also one from Assam, the first from that section, which is very interesting, as it comes from a German gentleman who wishes to circulate English papers in Assam.—M. E. C.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Alice Barber Scholarship

(Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Wellspring.')

The principal of Bradford Academy looked steadily at her niece. The niece, her forehead pressed against the window pane, stared with unseeing eyes down the road. The silence deepened and deepened. The girl at the window could bear it no longer. At last she turned, desperately:

'I—I can't, Aunt Mary! Oh, don't you see? It's telling tales, and I can't.'

The principal sighed a little. Of course she saw—had not her life for thirty years been given to understanding girls? Then she set herself again to patient explanation.

'I am not asking you to tell tales, Grace. You know that there is nothing that I place above honor. But this is different—I am trying to learn why the girls avoid Lenora Rice now, when they all liked her at first. Girls do not change so for a whim. Unless I know, I cannot help her, and I must help her. I cannot let any one of my girls miss the road to highest womanhood if any care of mine can show her the way. And Lenora, you know, has no mother.'

The plea of the last words did not escape the girl. Her delicate brows drew together, and the eyes beneath them were full of trouble. She knew that her aunt was right, but the old tradition of honor, which clung so fiercely to the letter that sometimes the fine spirit of it was missed entirely, yet held her fast.

'Lenora does even better class work than she did at first.' The principal spoke slowly—she was feeling her way.

The girl's eyes brightened. 'Oh, yes,' she cried, eagerly; 'she's the best student of us all—everybody acknowledges that.'

Miss Bradfield's face cleared; the thing that she had dreaded could be banished from her thought, entirely. Little Grace would never have answered that way if there had been any dishonesty in question. She went on, with slow thoughtfulness.

'If my girls were not such dear, fine-spirited girls, I should have been anxious for Lenora's happiness here. Her uncle and aunt are very plain people. They have been good to her as they understood the word. She has been as well cared for as their own children so far as food and clothing were concerned, but they could not conceal their anxiety to have her earn her own living. They had no sympathy with her longing for an education—they wanted her to go into a store. We cannot blame them; there were six children to provide for; but it would have been hard for Lenora if she had not won the scholarship here. As it is, she is shut away from so much that most girls have—all of the happiness of a home where she could invite her friends, and all sympathy with any success that she may win. But I was sure that all this would make the girls kinder to her.'

The girl at the window spoke at last. 'O Aunt Mary! the girls have been nice—they were ready to do anything. We knew a little—just that she was an orphan and that her uncle's people were,—well, not like our people, you know. And we all were eager to make up to her anything that we could. At first it was all right. She was quiet and shy, but that was nothing. And then—I don't know just when it commenced—she began to change. She—I can't tell you how; it wasn't really in words, you know,—it was in impressions—tried to make us think things were different from what they were. It sounded as if her uncle was the head of some big firm, and she began to avoid some of us, and to try to go with the richest girls, and to—to—put on airs, you know. I'm afraid I'm not making it clear, Aunt Mary. It isn't anything that you can fasten down into words. But the girls all felt it, and that is what makes the difference.'

The principal's fine face was tender with pity.

'Poor child!' she said. 'She is trying so hard to grasp the best. She doesn't understand, yet, that she is touching only the husks of it. We must be gentle with her, Grace. Don't let the girls turn away from her.'

Grace's gray eyes met her aunt's, earnestly.

'Aunt Mary,' she cried, 'we wouldn't care if her uncle were a peddler; we would love her for herself and nothing else in the world! But when she tries to cover up things and pretends that they are different; when she tries to make us care, not for her, but for things that never were, it isn't true, Aunt Mary!'

Her aunt smiled down to her. She was thinking how quick the sense of justice was in all young creatures, and how slow that of mercy.

'We must be patient,' dear,' she repeated. 'It isn't true, I know, but none the less she may be seeking for truth. I believe that she is, and we dare not fail her.'

Five minutes later, Grace closed the door and ran light-heartedly down the corridor. There was never a day that some girl did not do that; sometimes there were half a dozen in one afternoon, and no one of them, through all the years, had gone away uncomforted. But sometimes the principal's light burned late, and her eyes looked tired in the morning. This time it was a full hour, and the dusk had gathered thickly in the room, before she moved; then at last she rose and lighted the gas.

The next morning, a girl knocked hesitatingly at the principal's door. She had a dark, serious face, and the nervous manner of one not yet sure of herself. Her name was Lenora Rice. She stammered when the principal herself opened the door.

'You—you sent for me,' she said. She was angry at herself for coloring, before the principal, too, whom she admired above all women that she had ever seen. But Miss Bradfield apparently did not notice her confusion.

'Good morning, Miss Rice,' she said, cordially. 'It was good of you to come so early. I sent for you to ask if you could do an errand for me. I have a note that I want to send to a friend in Middleton, and I prefer to send it by hand. How do your lessons come to-day? Can you miss your classes without losing anything that you could not make up?'

The girl flushed again, but this time it was from pleasure.

'I'd love to go!' she cried. 'I shouldn't miss anything. It is all written work, and I have it done for the day.'

'That is just right, then,' the principal replied. 'Do you think you can catch the ten o'clock train? I will see that you are excused from your classes. You will reach Middleton in half an hour, and the station agent there will direct you to Mr. Eli Barber's. It is very easy to find; you couldn't miss the way. Then all you have to do is to give Mr. Barber this note. You would better stay to dinner; they will want you to, and the train does not return until two o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Barber are very plain people, but I think that you will like them, and I know that the little visit will give them untold pleasure. I count them among the dearest friends I have. Now, have I told you everything, I wonder—or is there anything I've forgotten?' The principal waited, smiling down at her, but the girl hesitated, with a return of her old awkwardness.

'If you are sure my staying to dinner wouldn't bother them,'—she said. 'I could wait till I got back, easily. I shouldn't mind it at all.'

'But I should mind,' the principal replied, laughing. 'That is no way to treat yourself. Besides, it would be depriving my friends of a great pleasure. So it is settled, then? Here is the note, and you will bring me an answer. I am very much obliged to you, Miss Rice.'

An hour later, Lenora Rice stood on the platform at Middleton staring, bewildered, down the sunny country road. 'The first house on the right,' the station agent had told her, but she was sure that there must be some mistake. The first house was a tiny, square, yellow farmhouse—as bare and plain as any she had ever seen. Miss Bradfield had spoken of her friends as plain people, but they couldn't live in a little shanty like that! However, she could go there and inquire. She started slowly down the road. The yellow house did not improve upon approach; it was neat, indeed, but absolutely ugly; to the girl, it seemed as if its ugliness fell like a blight upon the little trim flower bed, full of May-time blossoms, and the nodding lilacs at the gate. There was a small vegetable garden at one side, and an old man was working them. He had a wooden leg, and was weeding slowly and painfully from a chair that he hitched along the row. But the girl was conscious of no pity—only a sense of resentment. She stopped at the fence and called across, reductantly, 'Can you tell me where Mr. Eli Barber lives?'

The old man straightened himself with difficulty, and raised his hot, moist face:

'Reckon I can,' he replied. 'You jest walk right in that gate and come round to the potato patch. You'll excuse my not getting up. It's one of the days when the rheumatiz has a grip on me, and I don't move no more than I have to.'

Lenora walked slowly down the path and across the grass. The old man waited, mopping his face and watching her with a broadening smile.

'Don't need any of them second-sight people to tell where you hail from,' he said, his shrewd gray eyes full of pleasure. 'I'll warrant now you are one of Miss Bradfield's young ladies, ain't ye? I

thought as much. It's like her way of doing things. Mother'll be tickled to death to see ye.' He turned, laboriously, in his chair and called toward the house. 'Mother, mother! come out here a minute! She surely will be pleased,' he repeated, turning back to the girl. 'We don't see young company often, not having any young folks of our own.'

His face shadowed a little, and he became silent, tapping one old knotted hand softly against the arm of his chair; but, when the side door opened and a little old woman peered out, he looked up, quickly.

'It's one of Miss Bradfield's young ladies, mother,' he explained. 'Ain't this a treat for us?'

The old woman hurried forward, wiping her hands on her apron. She was a tiny little creature, with bright, dark eyes and quick motions.

'Well, there, dearie!' she said, 'I guess you don't know what a pleasure this is to Eli and me. Last year just about this time —'twas the tenth of May, I recollect—one of Miss Bradfield's young ladies came out and stayed to dinner, and told us all about the school and things, and we ain't got through talking it over, yet. When it comes 'long the same season, Eli says, "It's about time for us to be lookin' for another visit," but I says to him that we mustn't expect one every year—it mightn't be convenient for Miss Bradfield to send anybody, but he insisted that he knew she would. You was right, Eli, after all.'

'Yes,' he nodded, with pleased satisfaction; 'I was right.'

The little old woman chattered on eagerly. 'You'll come right in and rest you, won't you, dearie? You must be warm after walking up, in the sun. And you're going to stay to dinner, of course. My, my! this is going to be a day, ain't it, father? You might jest as well drop that hoe. You know you ain't going to tech it for three hours!'

'No more I be,' the old man chuckled. 'You take the young lady in, Maria; I'll hobble along and get there some time this forenoon. You might get a glass of milk or suthin'; it's considerable time to dinner, yet.'

'You jest leave all that to me, Eli Barber,' his wife answered, with decision. 'I guess I know how to 'tend to that.'

She trotted ahead and opened the door into a little sitting-room. It was cool and shady in there, and Lenora willingly sank into a rocking-chair, and took off her hat and gloves. Mrs. Barber bustled away, to return immediately with a glass of milk and a plate of molasses cookies. 'If I'd known you was coming I'd have had suthin' provided,' she said. ''Tain't everybody that likes cookies, but I hoped mebbe you might happen to.'

Lenora smiled back at her, brightly. The warm welcome was irresistible. In her lonely life she had never met anybody so loving. She forgot the rich girls, and the small pitiful ambitions of the last unhappy months.

'They're perfectly delicious,' she said. 'At school we have a way of saving ours up for two or three nights, and then having a cooky spread, up in our rooms. Sometimes we have five or six apiece then. One could hardly expect to have that number at the table when there are sixty girls to eat them!'

'Well, I declare!' cried the little woman, turning briskly to the door where the old man was hobbling in. 'Father, did you hear that? They save up cookies at the school. How I'd like to send them down a pailful of ours! But, dear me! I mustn't stand here talkin'; there's dinner got to be started. Do you like strawberry shortcake, dearie? Well, ain't that nice now? We picked our first strawberries this morning. Seems sort of providential, don't it, father?'

Lenora looked up, eagerly. 'Oh, couldn't I help?' she begged. 'I'd love to. You don't know what a treat it would be—ever so much nicer than working geometry problems.' The girls at school would hardly have known Lenora at that moment. The little woman, with the loveliest courtesy in the world, agreed at once.

'Of course you can,' she answered, delightedly; 'then we needn't loose a single minute. Father, you come along, too, and I'll set everybody to work.'

She led the way into the kitchen and brought out the berries; she brought the sugar bowl, too, and a saucer, so that Lenora could take toll as she hulled them. Her husband was set to work peeling potatoes, while she darted about between table and pantry and stove. They were endlessly interested in the school, and Lenora, helped by their questions, told them everything that she could think of. It was not until they were at dinner at last that a curious silence began to creep in. Once Lenora caught a questioning glance between the two old people. Suddenly the old woman turned to the girl.

'I'm a-goin' to tell you something,' she said. 'Eli don't want me to, but I'm goin' to, all the same. It's someone I want to ask about, and you wouldn't understand if I didn't explain. We're plain people—we ain't neither of us had much education, Eli or I, but he's always been real interested in it, and when our little girl come, he said from the first that she should have a chance to learn all she wanted to. It was in war time she was born, and when she was less'n a year old, Eli was wounded and lost his leg. I thought that ended it, but he wouldn't hear to it one minute. We had the farm, he said, and he'd get a pension, and we'd save up enough to give her the best education there was goin'. So we worked along for five years and then Alice died. 'Twas an awful blow'—the bright old eyes filled with tears, and the old man looked out the window; 'we ain't never got over it, and we never shall. It seemed to me the light went right out of everything. There wasn't anything left to live for. Eli, he was real patient with me. He let me alone for a while, but bimeby, when he see I was gettin' wrong over it, he begun to talk. I guess I was real rebellious at first, I wouldn't hear to anything; but he persisted and bimeby I began to come round. We hadn't lost Alice; she was ours always, only she wouldn't never need any education that we could give her. But there was other girls, poor girls, and we could keep on savin' just the same and bimeby we could help some other girl—only 'twould be Alice that would do it, an' it would be in her name.

'So that was the way we did. It took thirty years, for Eli insisted on buyin' the place first, so that I shouldn't be left without anything, but there wasn't a year that we didn't put by some money for Alice. There was one year when I thought we wasn't goin' to. I had a dreadful sick spell, and there was long doctors' bills and all, but we did it. He went without butter six months to put that money in a bank. I scolded him well when I learned of it. You needn't look at me that way, Eli; I was bound I'd tell, and I have.'

'If you're going to talk that way, mother, I'll tell about the winter you went without a cloak,—jest with your old shawl'—

But she interrupted him, hastily, 'Don't you pay no attention to him, dearie; I'm tellin' this story. 'Twas his plannin' and his doin', all of it. I just had the comfort of it all along. We decided when we got a thousand saved we'd start one of those scholarships and name it Alice Barber, after our Alice; we didn't neither of us want our name with it. We used to set and talk of the girls Alice would help, and what they'd do afterwards—whether they'd be teachers or missionaries or what not. We've taken a sight of comfort talkin' it over.

'Well, last year the time came. We had the farm all paid for and twelve hundred dollars in the bank, and we was ready to pay the thousand dollars. We didn't neither of us hesitate a mite about where it should go. We'd known Mary Bradfield since she was a little girl, and we wanted it to go to her school. We had a sight of work convincing her, but we did at last.

'Now this year, for the first time, some one is usin' the scholarship. I had a sort of hope the girl might be named Alice, but she wasn't. 'Tis a queer name to us—Lenora—Lenora Rice. Mary Bradfield, in a note she sent to-day, inviting us in to commencement, said we could see her then, but I sort of thought I'd like to know a little about her, first. I thought mebbe at commencement, in the crowd and all, there wouldn't be time to say much. You see, I was wonderin', Eli and I, whether she'd be willin' to come and make us a little visit in the summer. Eli thought she would, but I told him we was so quiet, mebbe it would be dull, and I wouldn't like to ask her and have her feel she'd have to, and I thought mebbe, you knowin' her, could tell us'—

She broke off, hesitatingly, her soft, dark eyes full of wistfulness, fixed eagerly upon the girl's face.

Lenora herself had turned red and then pale, as the story went on. She understood now why she had been sent. Her voice was uncertain, but neither of her auditors, waiting anxiously for her answer, noticed that.

'Yes, I—I know her, Mrs. Barber. I can't tell you much about her—you will understand why when you see her, but I know that she would love to make you a visit. She is an orphan, you know. I think if she came, and you would love her a little, it would do her more good than anything in the world.'

The little old woman's eyes were full of tears. 'Dear heart!' she said, pitifully. 'Do you hear that, father? Think of her bein' all alone! Think if it had been our Alice!'

'I guess the Lord knew what he was doin',' the old man answered.

Across the table the two glad, old faces smiled at each other with perfect comprehension.

An Untransferable Gift.

(Carroll Watson Rankin, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Mrs. Dilman was the most unselfish person in the village. Unselfishness is of course a beautiful trait, but since even a virtue may be carried to excess, there were times when Mrs. Dilman's family wished her less generous.

Did she have a blossoming plant, off it went to some sick neighbor. Did she buy herself material for a new gown one day, the next would find her cutting it up for her daughters, or giving it away bodily to her less prosperous sister-in-law, although Mrs. Dilman herself was not any too well provided with this world's goods. Did affectionate relatives heap embroidered linen upon her at Christmas time, hardly a doylie did she possess by midsummer.

'Of course,' complained seventeen-year-old Elizabeth, 'there isn't a scrap of satisfaction in giving mother a birthday present; but I must be thinking about it if I'm to make her anything this year. Aside from the needle-book I made her when I was six, she hasn't kept anything I ever gave her for longer than a fortnight. The worst of it is that one can't possibly feel offended, for she explains it so sweetly afterward that one feels like presenting her immediately with something else to give away. But I wish, just for once, I could think of something to give her that she couldn't possibly bestow upon anyone else.'

'So do I,' said Mr. Dilman. 'I supposed I had accomplished it when I gave her that ice-cream freezer last summer, but it seems I was mistaken.'

'Yes,' laughed Elizabeth. 'She discovered inside of a month that one was needed at the Children's Home in Sawbridge, and away went ours.'

The Dilmans lived in a rented house, and their landlord was not an ideal one when it came to making repairs. So long as his houses presented a fairly respectable exterior they were good enough, in Mr. Black's opinion, for anybody. If the tenants desired new plumbing, fresh paint or new wall-paper, they were at liberty to supply them—at their own expense. Once, however, he departed from this rule, and in rather a singular manner.

The paper in Mrs. Dilman's room had been dark and ugly to start with, and time had not improved it. Mr. Black had declined to replace it, and Mrs. Dilman was the last woman to spend money for her own comfort or convenience as long as there was anyone else in the world to be made happy or comfortable, so the ugly paper remained.

'It's a shame,' said Elizabeth, one morning, as she was helping her mother with the mending, 'that you have to have such an ugly room when you are so lovely to everyone else. I wish Mr. Black had to gaze upon those abominable purple triangles for a couple of hours every morning. They look like the coat of arms of Nicaragua. How can you see them without counting them?'

'I can't!' sighed Mrs. Dilman. 'There are just three hundred and sixty-six of them on the ceiling.'

'One for every day in the year, and leap-year at that,' returned Elizabeth, sympathetically. 'Don't get me a new jacket this spring, mother. The old one is quite good enough for rainy days. I'm sure you could get this room papered for the price of a new jacket.'

'So I might,' replied Mrs. Dilman, 'but I've given your old one away.'

At that moment Elizabeth missed her thimble. She was feeling in her apron-pocket for it when her fingers came in contact with a small silver coin. With the touch came inspiration. The girl gathered up her sewing and went to her own room, where she began a diligent search for hidden treasure.

Under the handkerchiefs in her handkerchief-box she found a quarter. The match-safe yielded two sulphurous pennies. A collar-button box was found to contain a five-cent piece, while the vigorous shaking of an old tin bank brought to light a tenderly cherished Canadian penny. Next, Elizabeth got down on hands and knees, crawled under the bed, and finally emerged, dusty, triumphant and the richer by a dime. She dropped all the coins into a little Japanese tea-caddy, which she carefully concealed behind the books on the hanging shelf, and then, with an expression of deep satisfaction, she returned to her mending.

About two months later, and just a week before her birthday, Mrs. Dilman learned that her sister-in-law, living in a neighboring town, was ill and in need of careful nursing. Of course she went immediately to the rescue, leaving Elizabeth in charge of the house and the house-cleaning.

'How providential,' thought Elizabeth, 'since Aunt Mary had to be ill at all, that she selected this particular time!'

Before the train was fairly out of the station, Elizabeth, with the accumulated savings of two months in her purse, was inspecting the paperhanger's stock with a critical eye.

'It must be blue,' soliloquized Elizabeth, 'because mother likes blue. Besides, the paper must match the pincushion Kittie is making. Of course before the week is out the dear woman will happen upon somebody with a craving that only a blue ruffled pincushion will satisfy, but we might as well have things match to start with.'

After deliberation, she decided upon a creamy paper adorned with a blue nasturtium pattern for the walls, and a plain ceiling paper. 'The paper is pretty if it is cheap,' she said, 'and no one can possibly discover anything about it to count. Can you hang it for me the first thing to-morrow morning?'

'Bless you, no, Miss Elizabeth!' said the paper-hanger. 'Every man I have is engaged three weeks ahead. Seems as if every house in town needs papering this spring.'

'But I must have it done at once. Mother may come home at any moment, and I want to have it ready for her. Couldn't you possibly manage it?'

'Not this week,' said the man, regretfully. 'This is our busiest time. If it's a small room, maybe you could do it yourself.'

'Why,' cried Elizabeth, 'I never thought of that! I used to paper my doll-houses easily enough. I'll try it if father can't suggest some better plan.'

Mr. Dilman, however, was called out of town by business that day, and Elizabeth was forced to depend upon her own resources. Early the next morning the amateur paper-hanger stripped the room of all its contents, except the floor matting, over which she spread a thick blanket of old newspapers. Next she went to the kitchen, where, with more zeal than discretion, she made a huge pail of flour paste. It was thick at the bottom, thin at the top and lumpy in the middle, but Elizabeth was thoroughly satisfied with it. She brought in the step-ladder and was ready for work.

'I'll do the ceiling first,' decided she. 'Of course, the floor and the ceiling are the same size, so it will be easy to measure the paper. You hold one end of it, Kittie,' said Elizabeth to her sister, who had offered to help. 'There! I think that is about the right length. Now turn it over, and I'll spread the paste with this old whisk-broom. It's rather stiff, I'm afraid, but it's the best I can do. Did you ever see anything easier? Think of the money I'm saving! I wonder people don't always do their own papering. Here, I'll cut the strip in two, and then we can handle it better.'

Elizabeth poked the paper up into the corner of the ceiling, and began to smooth it out with her hands. 'It's dreadfully wet,' said she. 'I think I've been too generous with the paste.'

'I know you have,' responded Kittie. 'It's soaking through.'

'Dear me!' said Elizabeth, giving a final poke. 'It's too far away from the wall at this end. What shall I do?'

'Put in a wedge-shaped patch,' suggested Kittie. 'It's an all-over pattern, so it won't matter if it's a little on the bias.'

'I shan't use so much paste this time,' said Elizabeth, cutting off a second strip. 'There, that goes better—no, it doesn't, either. It doesn't seem to stick at all. Look out! It's coming down at that end!'

'Take it away quick!' cried Kittie, as the long breadth of sticky paper wrapped itself about her head and shoulders. 'Ugh! It's the wettest stuff I ever felt. There's paste all over me!'

At noon three strips of the ceiling paper were in place. That is, they were so firmly attached to the ceiling that even unselfish Mrs. Dilman would have found it impossible to give them away; but the girls were not wholly satisfied.

'It seems so uneven,' said Elizabeth, returning after a hasty luncheon to survey her work. 'Perhaps it may look better when it dries. I think I'll work at the side wall for a change. I'm tired of reaching up.'

The first side-wall strip went into place without a wrinkle.

'There!' cried Elizabeth, waving the shears in her enthusiasm. 'Didn't I do that beautifully?'

'Yes,' admitted Kittie, 'but it's upside down.'

'Dear me! I might have known it was too good to be true!' lamented Elizabeth. 'Perhaps it won't show so much when the furniture is in.'

Kittie forgot to trim the edges of the second breadth; it never occurred to either of the girls to match the pattern. By four o'clock a good share of the paste Elizabeth had made in the morning was distributed impartially over the two tired girls and the floor. The newspaper blanket had been frequently displaced, and there was not a little paste on the matting. Elizabeth, pale and dejected, was regarding the nasturtiums with an expression of deep disgust, and Kittie was

scraping paste from the soles of her shoes, wondering how any sane man could bring himself to the point of selecting paper-hanging as a vocation, when the room was suddenly darkened.

The startled girls looked up. There, looking in at them from between the rungs of a tall ladder was the unprepossessing countenance of Mr. Black, the landlord.

'Is this a papering-bee?' he asked, as unconcernedly as if he were in the habit of visiting his tenants regularly by means of a ladder. 'I'm on the way up to take another look at those loose bricks in your chimney. What do you girls think you're doing, anyway? Looks to me as if you'd undertaken more than you can manage.'

'I'd like to see you do it any better!' answered Elizabeth, crossly.

'Well,' said Mr. Black, unexpectedly swinging himself in at the open window, 'I'm willing to try, for the sake of the house. Where's your paste? What! Call that stuff paste? Here, roll that chest of drawers in here, and bring me a board to stand on, while I go down to the kitchen and make some. Bring me another whisk-broom. Pull off what paper you can. I'll begin over here.'

'He won't be so enthusiastic an hour from now,' thought Elizabeth, obeying meekly. 'He doesn't realize what's in store for him.'

'I don't need any further assistance,' said Mr. Black, as he came in a few moments later, with his fresh paste. 'I'm particular about the quality of my help. You'd better go and rest for a while. You'll need all your muscle when you get to cleaning up the room. Looks as if you'd had a pretty lively shower of paste around here.'

Half an hour later Elizabeth looked in, expecting to find the amateur paper-hanger thoroughly sick of his bargain. To her surprise, one end of the room was abloom with nasturtiums; the seams were beautifully matched, and, strangest of all, there was no paste on the man himself. Elizabeth, with a sigh of relief, stole silently away. She was unwilling to disturb him for fear he might stop.

'If you'll give me a bite of supper,' said Mr. Black, climbing down the ladder and appearing at the kitchen door at six o'clock, 'I'll stay and finish the cealing and put up the border for you.'

'How nice it all looks!' said Kittie, when it was finished. 'Did it take you many days to learn?'

'Days!' exclaimed Mr. Black. 'It took years. I'm a paper-hanger by trade, but I left the business before I came to this town. No,' he added, as the girls proceeded to thank him, 'you needn't waste your breath. I'm glad to help your mother to something she can't give away. She's been good to Mrs. Black more than once.'

It was ten o'clock before the room was finished. The girls did not attempt to put it in order that night. The next morning they found, as Mr. Black had predicted, that the process required time and muscle, but the room was as dainty as Elizabeth's own when the girls finally left it.

'I've learned two things,' said Elizabeth. 'One is that paper-hanging isn't as easy as it looks, and the other is that disobliging landlords sometimes have redeeming qualities. I know mother will like her ungiveawayable present. I only wish we might find some way to persuade her to keep that beautiful pincushion of yours.'

'You needn't worry a bit about that pincushion,' replied Kittie, 'for I've taken the precaution of nailing it to the bureau.'

The Better Answer.

(Sara V. Du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

At the base of the great cliff lived little Beulah, and if you had been passing that way any morning after seven o'clock you would most likely have heard her cheery voice in song, or calling merry answers to the aged grandmother, who had long been entirely deaf in one ear, and, as she asserted, heard but dimly with the other.

Beulah's father left home early every morning for his work on the mountain side, and he thought often of his little girl; 'it is too lonely for you, lassie,' he said, but had not the heart to deprive his mother of such loving companionship.

'Be careful, little woman,' he used often to say as he started out, 'I cannot be home before seven o'clock; you must look after grandma, dear.'

Looking after grandma was not a very difficult task, since the dear old lady had the very pleasant way of looking after herself and all about her.

'You just lend me your ears, dearie,' she said, 'and I'll manage all right.'

Beulah ran to the spring for water, and when she returned, which was not many minutes later, no Grandma could be found. She knew it was useless to call, as was her first impulse, as it would be impossible to make her hear. Suddenly she remembered certain words of her father, 'Beulah, remember if you go out of the back yard under that tall tree I am digging a trench there and it is rather deep, have a care that you do not fall in.'

And she had laughed gleefully. 'Oh, father,' she exclaimed, 'you know I seldom fall, and when I do I light on my feet.'

Could grandma, for some cause or other, have wandered that way? She flew to the spot, but before she had reached it she heard groans of distress. There she was, sure enough, evidently she had come this way for the purpose of gathering some light brushwood which covered the ground, a work which belonged to Beulah, but of which her grandma was fond of sparing her on every occasion. The frail young girl uttered a cry of dismay.

'Oh, grandma, how shall I ever get you out?'

When we remember that the nearest house was on the other side of the cliff, and Beulah's father five miles away, we realize something of what the disaster meant to them both. The response was a nod of the head and a feeble groan.

'Well, don't cry, grandma, dear, I will do my best to help you, and I guess God can make that ditch soft for you.'

Yes, she would do her best, and she stood perfectly still several moments reflecting upon what course to pursue. In all the brief period of her life she had never known such a calamity. 'And with her rheumatism bad at this season of the year,' she sobbed, for she dearly loved her grandmother. Then she suddenly bethought herself to pray, and in an instant was pouring out her tale of woe into her Heavenly's Father's ear. Had not her mother said to her with her dying breath, 'My little one, never forget that God loves to answer prayer, and if he does not remove the burden from us, we grow strong so as to need no longer to cry for relief. Sometimes the road seems too long and hard for us to travel, and if we keep steadfast in his love, peace and blessing will come to us out of trial and disaster.'

She made a number of signs to the afflicted woman, to indicate that she would flee for help, then started away.

Once only had her father taken her with him to his work, it had been a red letter day in her life, she remembered perfectly how her path wound about, and how she had shouted with glee once when they came upon a natural seat in one of the great trees by the way.

'Do you ever sit here and rest, father,' she said.

And he had laughingly told her that he had never any time to rest, that in the morning he was in haste to get to his work, and in the evening he was longing for the sight of her bonny face.

She thought of it all now as she sped onward, and peace and quietness came to her as she realized more what God's promises meant.

The mountain path was always deserted at this hour, indeed it was seldom that it was travelled at this season of the year, sometimes pleasure seekers found the retreat, but usually it was left to the lonely mountaineer and his little family.

Hence Beulah's surprise was great when she saw coming toward her a moving form. Could it be her father? Ah, yes, it was he! and the next moment she found herself sobbing in his arms.

'Did God send you in answer to my prayer?' she said.

'He sent me in answer to something, daughter. I could not work, something seemed to tell me I was needed at home.'

In almost an incredulously short time they reached the spot where the aged woman was doing her best to bear quietly her pain.

'Well, mother,' the son said later, as he stood beside the bed upon which she lay resting her aching bones, 'I little thought what a plight I should find you in, but something told me I must return home.'

'And I thought I should die there alone, but God is good, he answered my prayer.'

God is indeed good, we cry out to him for pardon and mercy, we petition blessings, and his better answer comes to us, lifting us up to himself. We may not be saved from the battle we shrink from entering, but through his grace we shall have fought it and gained the victory. We may cry out in our distress for freedom and rest, to learn in the end that victoriousness in conflict is God's better answer to our prayer.

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GRANDMA'S FOUR-IN-HAND

Round and round they travel,
Faithful to their task:
Shelter, food or water
They will never ask.
Many a mile they measure
At her soft command,—
Who can count the journeys
Of Grandma's four-in-hand?

See, her steeds are harnessed
From a woolen skein:
Round the course they're driven
By a single rein.
Now the merry children
Take the judges stand:
They will time the paces
Of Grandma's four-in-hand:

By Eudora S. Bumstead
Illustrated by Charles G. Doland

Audrey's Window.

People passing along St. John street began to watch for Audrey's face at the window. It became a regular part of the lives of many of them. The friendly glance of those soft gray eyes was a good thing to begin the day with, and it was good to see her there as one went slowly homeward in the afternoon.

Audrey was only a little lame girl, who had to sit still all day long—except, indeed, on the days when her back was worse than usual, and she had to stay in bed—while her mother sewed and sewed, to try and earn enough money for the bare necessities of life.

There was a narrow veranda along the front of the little gray house, and a tiny strip of lawn. A beautiful Virginia creeper grew over the veranda, so that Audrey's window was a very pleasant place. The little girl soon grew to love the quiet street and the trees and the people that went by. She had no playmates; for they had only lived in Merton a year, and her mother was too busy and sad to make many acquaintances.

Audrey sometimes pretended that she was a princess, and that all the people who passed were her faithful subjects. At other times she was a fairy godmother, and planned the gifts she would bestow on those who would look tired or lonely.

One day she noticed two children, a girl and a boy, who came hand in hand up the street and looked longingly, she thought, at her shady veranda. After that she often saw them, and liked the way the boy, who was the largest, took care of the wee girl. One sunny afternoon she dropped an orange out of her window, so that it rolled along to their feet. They looked up at her eagerly, and she nodded and smiled.

'Yes, I mean it for you,' she said.

The little boy picked it up, and

handed it to the golden-haired girl. Then Audrey coaxed them on to the veranda, and soon they were talking as if they had known her for years.

After that they came every fine afternoon, and spent an hour or two on the little veranda. Mrs. Grey hunted out Audrey's old playthings, and Audrey handed them through her low window to the little visitors. She read her storybooks to them, sang every song she knew, and even taught them their letters out of an old A B C book.

The children's names were Arthur and Grace. They were certainly very poor, for their clothes were shabby and sometimes torn. Audrey, after a time, got into the way of mending the little garments; and one day her mother gave her some bright cotton to make Grace a pinafore. It took her a long time, but she and Grace and Arthur were all very proud of it when it was was done.

One afternoon a third child came with them—a little red-haired boy with wistful eyes. Audrey took a fancy to him at once, and made him a member of what her mother called 'The Window Kindergarten.'

An old Irishman, who went past the house four times a day, grew to be a great friend of Audrey's. He always touched his cap and smiled, and sometimes asked her how she found herself. So she was not much surprised when one day he brought a letter for her to read to him, from his son in 'the ould counthry.' He was not much of a scholar, he explained, and neither was the wife; but, if the little Miss would read it to him three or four times, he would know it by heart, and then the wife would hear it all, too.

Audrey was growing so accustomed to strange visitors and so interested in them that she was not surprised when a little old woman came with the children and asked if she might 'sit on the verandy, and listen to the reading a bit.' It turned out that she was the grandmother of the red-haired boy, and she was such a quaint old soul that Audrey became quite attached to her. Fortunately, she enjoyed the same sort of literature that the children liked, and did not mind hearing the dear old stories again and again. Audrey always ended the afternoon with a Bible story, either reading it or telling it in her own simple words.

Mrs. Grey said that now the kindergarten had become also a Home for the Aged. It was a great delight to her to see Audrey's life becoming so useful and happy, and her long hours of weakness so beautifully cheered and filled.

At last a very exciting thing happened. It was a dull, grey morning, and Audrey's back was hurting more than usual. She was wishing and wishing that she could go to one of those splendid doctors her mother called 'specialists,' or, if that were too wild a fairy dream, that she might own a wheel-chair, and be taken out along the shady street and perhaps even into the green, sweet country. She had heard her mother wish these things for her, or she might not have thought of them; but she was certainly in a very weary mood, and all the things she could not have seemed desirable in her eyes. Then there were the friends she had made through her window. How much she could do for them if she only had a little money!

Here her attention was attracted by a very tall man, with a sun-browned face and heavy beard, who came up the street with a slow, sauntering step. When he saw Audrey, he started, paused a moment, and passed on.

Soon, however, he came walking back, stopped before the window, and deliberately stared at her. 'Very like Mollie!' he said in a deep voice. And then, abruptly, 'What's your name, little girl?'

'Audrey Marchmont Grey,' she answered, startled, but liking his kind face. The stranger paled through his tan. 'And your mother's name?' he demanded.

'Nemaria,' Audrey answered, beginning to think he was crazy. She turned to call her mother; but the next moment the eccentric stranger had thrown open the front door and rushed into the hall. Mrs. Grey, hearing the deep voice, came hastily out of her sewing room, gave him one long look, and then threw her arms around his neck, and began to laugh and cry.

So Audrey knew that the long lost uncle, her mother's only brother, had come back at last. There was great rejoicing in the little house that day, and many a tale of shipwreck and adventure to be told and listened to. There were happy plans to make for the future, too; for the adventurer had prospered marvellously, and Audrey's dreams of a few hours before were no longer wildly impossible.

'And, if Audrey had not been at her window,' the uncle said, smiling at his pale little niece, 'I might not have found you for years!'

'Audrey's window has been "a magic casement,"' her mother answered. 'It has brought us more happiness than I ever dared to hope for.'—'Every Other Sunday.'

Who is to Blame?

'I'm in the saddest sorrow,' said the pocketknife of John,
'Because, you see, I feel to blame for things that I have done.
At school on Monday morning last I made my owner late,
While with my point he slowly scratched his name upon his slate.
On Tuesday afternoon he stopped to play awhile with me
By cutting deep his name again upon a cherry-tree.
On Wednesday—oh, what can I say to tell how shocked I am?
He used my blade to open wide a jar of currant jam.
On Thursday I was used to do the saddest deed of all:
I cut a lock of curly hair from Nelly's pretty doll.
On Friday I was digging through the side of Willy's drum,
When suddenly my blade snapped and cut my master's thumb.
On Saturday (that is to-day) my blades are safely shut.
And John has got a bandage round the place that I have cut.
And so, you see, I'm sorry for the mischief I have done;
But tell me, please, am I to blame as much as Master John?'
—Cassell's 'Little Folks.'

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LESSON XII.—JUNE 21.

II. Timothy iii., 14-iv., 8.

Golden Text.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. II. Timothy iv., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 15.—II. Tim. iii., 14-iv., 8.
Tuesday, June 16.—I. Pet. i., 1-16.
Wednesday, June 17.—Deut. xxxi., 1-13.
Thursday, June 18.—Josh. xxiii., 1-11.
Friday, June 19.—I. John ii., 18-27.
Saturday, June 20.—Rev. ii., 1-10.
Sunday, June 21.—Jas. i., 12-20.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

14. But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.

15. And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

16. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;

17. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

CHAPTER IV

1. I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing and his kingdom.

2. Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine.

3. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears;

4. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.

5. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

6. For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

7. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith:

8. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

We have in this lesson a message from the Apostle, of a date later than his first Roman imprisonment. After two years, according to students of Paul's life, he was released, and visited Crete, Asia Minor, Greece, and Spain.

In A.D. 64, a short time after Paul had been released from his chain and could thus leave Rome, one of the most terrible disasters that ever befell a city occurred at Rome, for a fire broke out and raged for six days, laying in ashes a large part of the city. Nero, the Emperor, one of the most brutal tyrants in all human history, looked upon the conflagration from his palace, as though it were some show arranged for his pleasure, singing the 'Burning of Troy' as he watched the wild scene before him. He was suspected of setting fire to the city on purpose, and coward that he was, he sought to shield himself by throwing the blame upon the Christians, a sect that was everywhere 'spoken against,' as we learned last week.

Then began a fierce persecution. Christians were slain by the sword, torn by beasts in the amphitheatre, covered with pitch and placed on stakes and set on fire, to serve as torches while Nero rode about among the people at night. Paul, having been so prominent among the Christians at Rome, as well as elsewhere, is thought to have been arrested on some false charge during this persecution, and thrown into a foul dungeon at Rome. During these dark and gloomy closing days 'only Luke' remained with him, and Paul longed to see Timothy and sends for him in this letter, asking that he bring Mark also. He asks for his cloak, which the cold of his present prison made very desirable. Before they could come to him, as it is thought, Paul had been beheaded.

Timothy, to whom two of the pastoral epistles were addressed, is believed to have been a native of Lystra, in Asia Minor, and he was probably converted by the preaching of Paul when the Apostle was on his first missionary journey. He became especially dear to the Apostle as a companion and fellow laborer, and finally came to be placed in charge of the Ephesian church. He is said to have suffered martyrdom there some time about the close of the first century. His death, it is said, resulted from his rebuking the abominable practices at the idolatrous festivals of the Ephesians.

The second epistle to Timothy, which we may regard as the Apostle's last message to the Christian church, was written probably in A.D. 66 or 67. Read the whole epistle.

This is a lesson for the day in which we are living, when men are running after so many notions in religion, and neglecting the 'sound doctrine' of the Scriptures. It is almost unnecessary to suggest any outline, as the lesson falls so naturally under several heads, but, for convenience in study, we will do so:

1. Timothy's Early Training. iii., 14, 15.

2. Inspiration and Purpose of Scripture. iii., 16, 17.

3. The Solemn Charge to a Young Pastor. iv., 1, 2.

4. A Future Turning from Truth. iv., 3-5.

5. Paul's record and hope. iv., 6-8.

'From a child' Timothy had 'known the holy Scriptures.' Pious Jews did not wait until their children had become taken up with the things of the world before presenting to them matters of eternal import. In II. Timothy i., 5, we read:

'When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also.'

So we see that these godly women, for their own faith and their faithfulness in teaching a child, were human instruments in training a future important preacher of the Gospel. Looking over the shoulders of many a noble pastor and preacher in the church's history, how many godly mothers and grandmothers might we see standing in the back-ground.

The plan of many parents to 'allow the child to decide these matters for himself when he is old enough' has sent into the world a host of skeptics, criminals and morally deficient men and women. The 'convenient season' for them to consider and decide these things has never come.

In verse 15 Paul states the great end of Scripture study, for they 'are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'

To the mind of faith Paul settles very definitely the question of the source of the Scriptures. He does not refer to this or that book, or this or the other portion of some writer, but says that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.'

No matter, then, what church councils may decree, or how scholars may explain things, here is the pastor's authority as to what he is to teach and the way he is to administer the affairs of his office. These other sources of help are valuable, but they must not be allowed to obscure the Scriptures to any mind upon any point. The final authority is God's Word.

The importance of doing his duty is thus held up to Timothy, not only for his own sake, that his conscience may be clear, but also that he may be the more concerned about carrying the Gospel to lost men.

But what is it that he is so solemnly adjured to preach? 'Preach the Word,' not good morals, or opinions, or literature, but the Word of God. This is the great business of the ministry.

'Be instant in season, out of season,' that is be ready (literally, 'stand by') at all times to present Christ, no matter whether it is at an appointed or regular 'season' for so doing, or not.

'Reprove.' The pastor must not refrain from calling the attention of men to their wrongdoings, and instructing them aright. Then he must not only reprove, but, in a stronger sense, he must 'rebuke' evil doers. The original word conveys the idea of a threat of punishment. Again, he must 'exhort.' This contains the thought of comforting, or assisting. All this he must do in 'all long suffering and doctrine.' He would find much ignorance that would be trying, but he must be patient in teaching men to the right.

Paul foresaw a time to come when men would be less willing to receive the great principles of the faith than in his day. Read verse 3 and then compare the conditions in the church and out of it to-day. Notice that Paul does not say men would in the future endure no doctrine, but that they would not endure 'sound doctrine.' On the other hand, to quote the Revised Version, they 'having itching ears, will heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts.' That is, having an itching after teaching and preaching that will tickle their vanity and appeal to their own conceits, they will gather great numbers of teachers who cater to these propensities.

When you hear of attacks upon the Bible made even by preachers in the church, and when you consider the great number of false religions, such as Theosophy, Christian Science, and Spiritualism, which find favor in the world to-day, do you think that Paul was needlessly concerned about the outlook?

Such conditions are the results of a rejection of Christ as the divine Saviour of men. Someone has said, 'Infidelity creates a vacuum, which superstition rushes in to fill up.' Paul saw that many would be turned 'unto fables.' But Timothy, as a true pastor, was not to be turned from his course by the sight of a coming storm. Rather he was to endure, and 'do the work of an evangelist' in spreading the Gospel, and to fulfill his ministry.

Paul now turns to give a special reason why he so strongly charges Timothy about his duties as a pastor. 'For,' he says, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.' As the Revised puts it, 'For I am already being offered.'

Suddenly, as though in exultation over the prospect suggested, and at the same time desiring to encourage Timothy by his example, the Apostle in a few vivid and sublime words shows what his own career in the ministry of Christ has been. As a soldier he has 'fought a good fight,' as a runner in a race, he has finished the course, and he has 'kept the faith.'

What now awaits him? Looking beyond death he sees the crown that is to be his.

Paul was not boasting. He, like a runner in a race, had deserved the garland of victory and knew it was in store for him, so he encourages Timothy who was in the midst of his own struggles, and so he encourages us all to strive for the crown reserved, not by unjust Nero, but by the Lord, the righteous judge.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, June 21.—Topic—How we may learn to use our sword. Eph. vi., 17; Heb. iv., 12, 13; II. Tim. ii., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE WALL-BUILDERS.

Monday, June 15.—Weeping for sorrow. Neh. i., 3-5.

Tuesday, June 16.—The king's command. Neh. ii., 7, 8.

Wednesday, June 17.—Arise and build. Neh. ii., 18.

Thursday, June 18.—Mocking enemies Neh. iv., 1.

Friday, June 19.—Watching and working. Neh. iv., 9.

Saturday, June 20.—The work of God. Neh. vi., 15, 16.

Sunday, June 21.—Topic—What the wall-builders teach me. Neh. iii., 28; iv., 6, 13-23.

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His son Ralph takes a position as clerk in a hotel and the second son, Willie, is offered the place of assistant, but refuses from a nameless fear of having anything to do with the 'Thing' that caused his father's death. Allie, the only daughter, has a position as stenographer. Claude, the youngest, a fine boy of twelve, handsome and gifted, generous and loving, is in school. Willie's action in refusing a position connected with the sale of liquor comes to the notice of the W.C.T.U. women and the ministers of the city, who make much of him socially, while a Methodist 'pillar' gives him a good position, and he makes new friendships among the best class of people. He soon becomes a Christian. Claude fails in his examinations, acts moody and sour and is discovered smoking a cigarette. He promises to reform, but continues the practice in secret.

CHAPTER III.

Willie sat up until midnight devouring the literature and statistics which Miss Meredith had given him on the subject of cigarette smoking. He learned of the woefulness of the accursed habit, of the youthful criminals crowding the jails and reformatories, of the thousands filling early graves, of the thousands more in hospitals and asylums. Then he dropped on his knees and groaned, 'O God, help me, help me, help me, help me to save our baby brother!'

The next morning he took Claude aside and accused him of untruthfulness. Claude pathetically and plausibly denied having lied, and almost succeeded in making Willie feel ashamed of falsely suspecting him. However, Willie was not deterred from making a thorough and systematic inquiry that night before he slept, and he learned from different sources that Claude had been smoking cigarettes for nearly a year, and that he often consumed as many as six or seven packages a day. Willie made use of his first opportunity to inform Ralph of his discovery, and that young man was at first incredulous, then horrified.

'It is perfectly appalling, simply incomprehensible,' he exclaimed, 'to think that Claude has so completely deceived and hoodwinked the whole family for such a length of time. I would have given worlds to know of this at the beginning. I tell you, Billy, the ravages of whisky cannot compare in hopelessness to those awful cigarettes. I have seen enough of their terrible work to make me hate the sight of one.'

'Why, Ralph, I never heard you even mention the subject before.'

'I don't know that I have ever talked about it, as it always seemed a subject remote from any personal interest of our own, but I have always made a practice of discouraging any fool youngsters I saw monkeying with the vile things. A person is apt to be callous to any existing evil until the thing is brought home to his own door, but I tell you it is then one becomes all eyes and ears to ward off a peril. It's a beastly, selfish, uncaring world this, Billy boy, and no one of us is better than his neighbor, I'm afraid. But I could give you some eye-openers on the effects of cigarette smoking.'

'I know,' replied Willie, soberly. 'I read it up only last night.'

'Well,' said Ralph, with a sigh. 'I wish this were a thing you and I could engineer ourselves without worrying poor mother, but we are going to have a fearful tussle before us to get Claude broken off, and we shall need her help and Allie's too, to watch him.'

The grief and consternation of the mother and sister were indescribable upon learning that their dear Claude was a sneak and a liar. The mother was hard to convince, and evidently could not grasp the seriousness of the cigarette-smoking in itself, or connect it with Claude's deceit.'

'Why should he tell an untruth about it?' she asked piteously.

'Yes,' agreed Allie vehemently; 'of course it was very wrong and all that, for Claude to smoke on the sly, but then even the best of boys will sometimes get into mischief and do very wrong things, but it is out of all nature for him to lie about it when found out and questioned. That is what I cannot understand.'

'Why,' explained Ralph, patiently, for the tenth time, 'that's all part of the smoking. Haven't I been trying to tell you that the use of cigarettes utterly destroys all moral sense, sort of deadens the discrimination between right and wrong, makes the conscience and perceptions all callous and hard. Why, I have known scores of young fellows who have formed the habit, and I cannot recall one of them who has reached a certain stage, but would just as soon tell a lie as the truth any day, and what is more, there is not a confirmed cigarette user I know of whom I would trust with any money of mine. That's a fact! They lose all sense of honor, and most of them would think as little of pilfering from a till as of lying. They seem to lose all idea of decency and ambition, they read nothing but bad books, seek nothing but low company, won't work, but turn tramps and loafers till they die off or get hanged.'

'Oh, stuff!' exclaimed Alice impatiently. 'I know lots of people who smoke. Why, Uncle Jim has always smoked, and you couldn't find a better, more high-principled man in Ontario. Claude is just turning into a wicked, bad boy, and a good talking to and punishment will bring him around.'

'You see, Allie,' said Willie, 'it's some sort of opium or arsenic poisoning in the paper around the stuff that does the mischief. Seems it has the same effect as that experienced by confirmed opium eaters.'

It was agreed that every cent of Claude's pocket money should be cut off and that he should not be allowed to leave his home either for recreation or for any other pretext—that while he might retain his situation at the hostelry during the brief remainder of the holidays, he should be strictly under Ralph's eye all day. It was further determined that by every art and resource which love and anxiety could devise, an endeavor should be made by the now thoroughly alarmed mother and brothers to rescue 'the flower of the family,' from the grip of this monster. 'We must not tire or become weary or careless, or lose vigilance for an hour or a day, or even be deceived by apparent reform or assertions to that effect,' said Willie, who had been well coached by Miss Meredith.

And thus it was done as agreed upon. At the end of three months Claude's reform seemed so assured that the watchfulness was slightly relaxed, and he was allowed more liberty.

Then it was that Miss Meredith came to Willie. 'Willie,' said she. 'Claude is in the habit of going down to Armand Renaud's fishing shanty to drink beer with a gang of young toughs, while his mother thinks he is at choir practice.'

Willie could scarcely express his feelings. 'Blessings on you, Miss Meredith,' he finally blurted out. 'You are worth the whole shooting match of us put together.' His lips were very white.

Miss Meredith laid her fair hand on his arm.

'Don't forget to pray unceasingly, dear Willie; I am praying, too.'

'I do, I do,' he exclaimed earnestly, his brown eyes filling with tears.

(To be Continued.)

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 30, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Relations of Great Britain with Russia—'The Spectator,' London.
Russia Near a Revolt—By Abraham Cahan, in the 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Legislation Against Strikes—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
Coercion in Finland—London Papers.
Goldwin Smith on Union—'The Evening Post,' New York.
Emerson's Ideals of Democracy—By Edwin Wiley, in the 'Booklovers' Magazine.' Abridged.
The Science of Begging—The 'Manchester Guardian.'
The Decay of Discipline—By F. T. Bullen, in the 'Booklovers' Magazine,' Philadelphia.
'Dante' at Drury Lane—By W. H. H., in 'The Pilot,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Administration of the Chantry Bequest—By D. S. MacColl, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
An Interview with an American Sculptor—By Vincent Van Marter Beede, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'And Only Man is Vile'—A Holiday Excursion—Poem, by J. E. Ball, in the 'Spectator,' London.
A Dedication—Robert Buchanan to his Mother.
A Dirge for Papers Dead—Poem, by Roy L. McCardell, in 'The Criterion,' London.
The Literary Life—Its Strain and Its Requirements—By John o' London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Mildness of the Journalist—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Emerson—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Memory of Emerson—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Thomas Carlyle on Emerson.
The Personality of Emerson—By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in 'The Outlook.' Abridged.
Reading Emerson on the Street Cars—By Charles Battell Loomis, in the 'Saturday Evening Post.'
The Temptation to Lose Heart—By A. P., in the 'Christian World.'
Oxford—By John Corbin, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

What is the Time?—A. L., in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
Cancer and Its Cure—'The Speaker,' London.
Good Roads—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Cult of the Child—By Mrs. F. A. Steel, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
The Need for Rest—'The Westminster Budget,' London.
The Extinction of Tuberculosis—'American Medicine.'

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Correspondence

Virden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, but before this year I lived in town. I thought when we moved to the farm last spring, that I would not like living on the farm, but I think I have spent a more enjoyable winter this year than any I ever spent in town. A literary debating society was formed this winter, and held at our school every Friday night. There was always something in the musical line as well as the debate. I think it is about the best thing I went to this winter. We have a mile and a half to go to school, but we always drive. I am going to write on the entrance examinations next summer.

DRUSILLA H. (age 14).

Saddle Lake, Alta.

Dear Editor,—When I was aoout three years old there was a very large prairie fire. The flames were about five feet high. Papa was away fighting fires, and mamma and we children were home alone. About three in the afternoon papa came home. He had been away three days, and had not been sleeping day or night. When he got home he was very tired. He lay down on the lounge, and he told mamma that if the fire came on to call him. About an hour after mamma called him. He got up and hitched the horses, and went to the lake for water. He and others then got wet sacks and fought the fire till twelve at night. About one the same night mamma came upstairs and told us to see the flames. It was a beautiful sight. The next day Mrs. Johnstone, a friend of ours, came over with her two children. Inez, my sister, got rags and put them on sticks, and we got flags and played putting out fires. Out here we do not have the same kind of pets as children in the east. We have lots of ponies out here. I have one, and I call her Bessie. One time we had three wild geese. We called them Watch Dog, Jack and Jill. Jack and Jill were so much alike we would not tell them apart. They would follow us any place we went. If we went to the river they would go and have a swim, and as soon as we would come away, they would too. They would even come to church. Out here we have such beautiful flowers. Once Jean, my sister, had a young squirrel, and the cat adopted it. I am in the second reader.

LEILA R. B. (age 10).

(An interesting letter.—Ed.)

Exploits, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—This is my last 'Messenger' in my name; but not the last to come to my home, as it comes in my brother Alton's name. The reason why I gave it to him is this: he has not got the pleasure of walking with his two feet as I have, but with crutches. A school mate of mine asked me if I was going to take it again. 'Yes,' I said, 'when my time comes.' My brother wanted to have it come in his name, so mamma let him subscribe with Lillie T. He is my only brother, so I will have the pleasure of reading the 'Messenger' all the same, and we all like it very much. When I can get any subscribers, I will send them on. We are going to have our anniversary on Sunday. I haven't any part in it this time. There are so many that we have to take turns. There are one hundred and forty in our Methodist Sunday-school. I hope I shall be able to write a letter to be in print. Can I please write when it does not come in my name. Please say through the 'Messenger' if I can. Your little friend,

FLOSSIE S.

P.S.—Lilly Taylor subscribed for the fountain pen, a present from her papa, our minister.

(Certainly you may write, as your brother takes the 'Messenger.'—Ed.)

Elmfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger,' and like reading it very much. We think it a fine paper for so little money. I came from England to Nova Scotia six years ago on a big steamer with nearly a hundred more boys. We were more than two weeks on the sea, and we saw a great many icebergs, and big whales, and other fishes, too. I have four brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother was in the war in South Africa for a long time. He did not get shot anywhere, but he hurt his knee while riding through the bush veldt. He is now home in England. My father and mother died when I was young. I hope to meet them in Heaven some day when Jesus calls us home. I go to school, and am in the sixth reader. Our teacher's name is Miss McK., and I like her very much. I wonder if any other boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 23. I go to church, and our pastor's name is the Rev. T. C., who is a fine preacher.

HENRY C. M.

Riversdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write one, too. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade. I often get a ride home from school with papa on the 'pumper.' He is section foreman. Just six weeks more and our school will close for the summer vacation. I am going to see my grandpa and grandma. They live at Mount Thomas. Their farm is very pretty, and they have a great many apple trees. I have one sister and one brother. My brother's name is John. He takes the 'Messenger,' and we like to read the stories very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, March 8.

HENRIETTA W.

OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN.

Spring Bay, Manitoulin Isl., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am pleased to see that some of our young friends have so nicely answered my question in the 'Messenger,' and very pleased to see that some of them do know something about the Bible, and gave some very good texts to prove their ideas. It is really painful to talk to some children and see their ignorance of the Bible, and even some children of professing Christians. I saw in the 'Messenger' that Ella May A. would like to hear the answer to my question. It came in this way. I suppose I had read and heard that passage read hundreds of times, but the question never struck me till two or three years ago, and I was astonished, and said what greater work can I, a poor ignorant old man, do than the Lord Jesus did as a man? and I was puzzled and could not understand it; and oh, how I did wish I could ask some educated minister what the precious Saviour could mean; but we live many miles from any minister, and it was in the depth of winter, the roads deep in snow, so I just asked him to tell me. I said: 'My dear Saviour, I know thou canst make it plain to my mind by thy Spirit;' and this is the answer I had. Jesus as a man had to face and fight the great enemy of all good, and either overcome him or be defeated. And so everyone of his true disciples has to face and fight that same enemy, and either overcome him or be overcome by him. Now, surely it is a greater work for me or any mere human being to overcome Satan than it was for the Lord Jesus. God in man, our Emmanuel. Do not you think so, Ella, and the dear young friends who read the 'Messenger?' But there is this fact, we should never forget, Jesus had to fight Satan alone and a long time; but has he not said, I will never leave nor forsake them that trust in me. So then, oh, how safe we are while we trust in him who overcame Satan for you and me, and who will never forsake any who put their trust in him. 'Precious Saviour, still our Refuge.'

E. T.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Birthday Celebration.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist.')

The little blue sunbonnets were bobbing round the corner. Emily Leonard took several impetuous steps forward, with a sudden softening of her fretful face.

'Rosy! Barby!' she called, loudly, but the blue sunbonnets were out of hearing. 'And I sent 'em off grieved again,' the mother thought, regretfully. She could not get Barby's great round tears out of her mind. Rosy never cried.

'I'm always cross ironing days—and washing days and cooking and sweeping days!' Her set lips relaxed into an unwilling smile that sat upon them awkwardly, as if on unfamiliar ground. The confusion of the untidy kitchen repelled her like the push of a hand against her thin breast. There was so much to be done!

'Dishes, sweeping, lamp-cleaning, ironing—back-breaking!' she groaned. Her unkempt hair and sallow, worn face looked back at her from the bit of dusty mirror as she crossed the room. She put up her hand and swung the glass about with its face to the wall, with a sharp cry.

The monotonous round of work began and dragged itself on. It was interrupted constantly by the younger children with their imperative needs—by Robbie's pinched finger that must be bandaged and the baby's milk that must be heated. Then someone knocked at the door. Emily twitched off her apron and answered the knock.

'Good morning, ma'am, is your—er—son at home? Or maybe you can answer my questions. I'm the census enumerator.'

'No, I can't,' Emily said, rasped beyond patience. 'If you want questions answered, you've come to the wrong place. Thaddeus is down in the meadow—if you go along the road a piece, you'll see him mowing. He's got a blue jeans shirt on. I guess he's got time enough—he usually has.'

She shut the door with a little decisive snap and went back to her ironing board. But in the midst of smoothing out Rosy's little checked gingham she suddenly dropped into a chair and began to cry. She was miserably tired. Half the preceding night she had been awake with the teething baby and the other half she had slept unrestfully.

'O dear—O dear,' she sobbed, rocking herself back and forth, 'and it's my birthday! I can't bear it on my birthday, no I can't! I want to sit in a rocking-chair and hear somebody else rattling the dishes—I want to read a book—I want to rest. Just on my birthday—one day out of the whole year. That isn't a great deal to ask. But nobody cares—nobody's remembered what day it is. I'm to go right on ironing clothes and when they're ironed I'm to wash the potatoes and get dinner. That's how I'm to celebrate!'

She was talking aloud in shrill, sobbing woe, and the younger children sidled into the kitchen and stood looking up at her with wide, frightened eyes. She did not see them at all.

'I did so want somebody to remember—I wanted Thad to!' she wailed miserably. 'He used to—the idea of his forgetting 'twas my birthday then! But now when I've worked myself old and ugly, and haven't a minute to dress up and look nice in—now he's forgotten. It might just as well be the Pope's birthday for all of Thad. It's the 6th of June, that's all. It's ironing day!'

She laughed, and at the sound both tiny ones crept away from her in terror. The hot little room seethed with heat and buzzed with flies. The iron left on Rosy's little dress did its work slowly and a slight scorched odor rose from under it. Still Emily Leonard sat and rocked herself and cried. She was too tired to stop. The pity of her unremembered birthday sup-

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plied her with a running stream of tears. Suddenly she sat up straight and fierce.

'I'll remember it myself,' she cried, brokenly. 'If nobody else does, I will. I'll do something to celebrate.'

Wild notions of running away and spending the day somewhere in the woods where it was still and cool—of leaving the baby, the dinner, the ironing, behind her—or, better still, of slipping on her best dress and taking the ten o'clock train into the city—surged through her mind. She sat and entertained them excitedly. Yes, the city was better. She could do a little shopping—no, not on her birthday. She would go and see the pictures at the picture shops, and sit a while on the common, beside the lake, and read the magazines at the library. Think of reading a magazine again! And when she was hungry she would go into some splendid place and sit down luxuriously and be waited on. She would hear other people rattling the dishes then! There would be dainty things to eat and ice cream at the end, to sit and sip leisurely. O yes, the city was better than any other way!

But the dream did not last. A little wailing sound from the other room dissipated it. Emily stumbled to her feet and hurried to the baby. His crying drove her own away, and with his wet little cheeks against hers old tender thoughts crept back again to Emily Leonard. She put aside her bitterness and pain.

'But I'll celebrate it,' she said, smiling wistfully down at the baby. 'There's another way I've thought of this minute, baby. I'll tell you—just you. Listen—won't that be a beautiful way, don't you think?'

She put away the unironed clothes neatly, and set all the rooms to rights. That was the first step. The others followed quickly, and she found herself, by and by, humming over her work and smiling to herself at the surprise that was coming out of it. Why hadn't she thought of that way of celebrating her birthday before? What would they all say? Would Thad—kiss her, perhaps?

Down in the meadow the census man was asking questions.

'And your mother's age?' he asked, briskly. 'I saw her up to the house, but I guess she didn't want me to know it! Women don't.'

Thaddeus Leonard drew himself up stiffly. It hurt him unaccountably to have Emily taken for his mother. Did she look as old as that? Why, Emily had been fresh and fair and rosy—it wasn't such a great while ago.

'My mother died ten years ago. My wife is thirty-seven,' Thaddeus said, formally.

'Well, well!—thirty-seven, did you say?—I took her for the old lady, sure. She warn't real glad to see me—I guess that influenced me! Born what day, did you say?'

'I didn't say. She was born the sixth of June'—

Thaddeus suddenly stopped. His fresh, round face took on an extra flush. He had remembered. It was Emily's birthday. He answered the other questions shortly, his mind on something else—on a fresh, blooming little woman whose sweet, laughing face he had given a birthday kiss fifteen years ago. And the next year—and the next—for how many years was it he had kissed Emily on her birthday, and slipped a little gift into her hand? Not for a good many years now—Thaddeus Leonard would not let himself count them. He turned back to his work, but all the morning Emily's girl-face, fair and happy, was before him. And that man had taken Emily for his mother. Emily's face was lined and worn and thin now. Thirty-seven was not old—it wasn't right. It ought to be round and happy now. If he should kiss it—if he should slip a little gift—Thaddeus Leonard flung down his scythe and hurried down the hot road toward the village a mile away.

At a little past twelve the little blue sunbonnets bobbed home from school. Emily met them at the gate and hugged them both.

'Mother's sorry she was cross this morning,' she whispered, 'and on her birthday, too! Did you know it was Mother's birthday to-day? Well, it is, and there's going—to—be—a—celebration!'

The little girls gazed up at Mother with shy wonder. She was dressed in her best dress and her hair was curly round her face. Mother looked pretty and happy.

Emily laughed aloud at the wondering little faces. She touched the ribbon at her throat and smoothed out her fresh white apron.

'This is part of the celebration!' she cried, gayly. She caught sight of Thaddeus coming up the road and, with a sudden impulse, waved her hand at him. A laugh and a sob choked in her throat together. It was so good to be celebrating!

The dining-room door was locked, to the children's surprise. But Thaddeus crept secretly in at the window. Then his turn came to be surprised. He stood before the dainty table in absolute amazement. It was spread with a white cloth and the best blue and white dishes were on it. There were flowers, too—a big cluster in the centre and a tiny bunch at each plate. It was laid with exquisite care, and there was something mysterious and napkin-draped beside the vase of flowers. Thaddeus lifted the covering gently.

'Well, of all things!' he breathed, and the sound in the man's throat was like a sob. It was a birthday cake beside the flowers. It was frosted thickly and the letters that strayed across it cornerwise made the word 'Welcome.' It was mother's invitation to her little birthday feast.

Thaddeus Leonard replaced the napkin gently. He slipped a little tissue package from his pocket to Emily's place, and then groped his way back to the window as if he could not see clearly.

Dinner was at half-past twelve promptly, and the pretty table was surrounded with a row of wondering, delighted faces. There was an instant's hush, and then a clatter of sweet, shrill little voices. Emily lifted the small tissue bundle with a low cry of joy, but before she had time to open it Thaddeus was beside her—and he was kissing her!

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